HE LEADETH ME.

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IN pastures green? Not always: sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with terror and with fright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand.
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No; not always so;
Oft times the heavy tempests round me blow
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

And more than this: where'er the pathway lead
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So, where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in his wisdom, He hath led me so.

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